

NANCY WYNNE MAKES COMMENTS ON THE DOINGS OF SOCIETY

She Discusses the Philanthropic Enterprises of the Younger Set and Admires the Charity of the Elders, as Well as Amusing Incidents

ONE of the most popular places in Newport last season was the little shop on Prospect Hill street. The enterprise was extremely well liked, due to the fact that it was the conception of members of the younger set in society and was entirely under their jurisdiction. The little shop was used as a depot for magazines, novels and papers to be sent to the Mexican border for the militia.

Well, on Saturday said little shop closed its doors, but only to open them anew in New York, fortunately for the soldier boys. Alexandra Dolan, the younger sister of Rose Dolan and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarrie Dolan, who has not yet made her debut in society, acted as treasurer of the little shop in Newport. Both Rose and Alx Dolan are charitably inclined and willing to give of their time and talent to help others.

One of the largest attractions to be found at the alphabetical country fair and market day, to be held Friday and Saturday of this week in aid of St. Francis' Country House for Convalescents, at Darby, will be a truly wonderful birdhouse, designed by Miss Lucy Call, one of the board of managers of St. Francis' Junior Aid. It is a huge affair, so large in fact that the 500 bluebirds who will be found perching upon the roof, flying around the eaves and over the extensive lawn have decided to "rent" part of the house to the loveliest dolls that ever graced a country fair.

Unlike other bird houses, this one rests close to the ground. The roof is painted a bright blue, to correspond with the base of the house, while the frames of the six windows, each measuring nearly six feet, are painted a bright yellow. Inside the house the fairest maid, all members of the Junior Aid, will stand behind the windows selling an array of dolls arranged on the wide yellow ledge running all around the house. Each window will have its own set. At one will be discovered all the prettiest dolls, dressed in their Sunday best, at another all the baby dolls. At still other windows, the character, the fancy-dressed dolls, kewpie dolls and colored dolls. A collection of toys will be piled high on each side of the birdhouse.

Each member of the Junior Aid, of which Miss Marguerite Horan is president, will wear a bluebird pinned to her dress, and as there are over 200 juniors the bluebirds promise to be everywhere—in the dollhouse, in the restaurant, at the flower stand and with the pots and kettles.

Quite close to the bluebird booth will be found the old-fashioned cake and candy booth, where Mrs. Murtha P. Quinn and her aids will sell all kinds of "awsets." And such sweets! There will be everything, from grandmother's angel cake to the most delicious spongecake, doughnuts without grease and all the home-made candy that ever was heard of. And, then, too, everything is going to be done up so prettily that it will be hard, indeed, to pass by the cake table.

Another enticing booth will be the jelly "counter." Mrs. Henry C. Esling, as in former years, will hold sway here. Every one who remembers Mrs. Esling's jellies, and if you ever bought any, you could not forget them—it will be on hand bright and early before very far is sold.

The porch restaurant will, of course, be another great drawing card. It promises to be crowded from morning until night. Here the most delicious country dinner will be served, to say nothing of the daily luncheon and afternoon tea. Mrs. Mundy knows how "to run a restaurant," there is no doubt about that.

Other attractions will be the vaudeville shows, in which the well-known Dramatic Club, which yearly gives twelve entertainments at "Blossoms," dime museums and other special features will be grouped about the grounds.

Human nature and human snobishness certainly do show at times, don't they? It was so amused out at the Horse Show last week. It was raining very hard and a small landaulet drove up toward the clubhouse. Two meek, little ladies were standing there waiting for a taxi, and the big policeman, with a kind heart, decided to help them. So he said to the chauffeur, "Drive these two ladies over to the station," when, whizz! bang! the owner of the car, incensed that her stylish landaulet should have been mistaken for a taxi, whirled out past the meek little ladies, stepped into her car and slammed the door shut in the face of the kind policeman. Funny world, isn't it? NANCY WYNNE.

Mr. and Mrs. James Francis Sullivan, Miss Frances L. Sullivan and Miss Letta Sullivan, who have been spending the summer at Bar Harbor, will return today to The Woods, their home in Tadous.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Berwind and Miss Margaret Berwind have returned to their home, Winwood, after spending a month at York Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Chew have returned to Radnor from Narragansett Pier.

Mr. and Mrs. Armit Brown have returned from East Bass, Rhode Island, and will move into their new home, about November 1.

Mrs. Walter M. La Rue and Miss Margaret La Rue, of 141 Pelham road, have returned from New York, where they spent several days. Miss La Rue will make her debut on Tuesday, November 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rosa Hamilton, of Devon, are entertaining Mr. Pond, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Schellenger, formerly of Wyncote, who have been spending some time in Boston, Mass., are at the Bellevue-Stratford for several weeks. Mr. Schellenger, formerly of Wyncote, Mass., where he will attend college.



Mrs. CHARLES P. MULLIN. Mrs. Mullin is one of the very active members of the board of the Woman's Auxiliary of St. Francis Country House for Convalescents, under whose auspices the Alphabetical country fair and market day is to be given at Darby on Friday and Saturday of this week.

WYNNEFIELD'S WOMEN, BARRED BY MEN'S CLUB, FORM ONE THEMSELVES. Husbands Reject Proposal for Auxiliary and Wives Proceed to Organize—Sixty Members Already Enrolled.

Wynnefield women are teaching their husbands a lesson. This organization, which is spreading everywhere, each Wynnefield, and actuated by a desire to help the men of that suburb, they decided to form a woman's auxiliary to the Wynnefield Club.

While the women in Wynnefield are accusing the husbands in masse they are defying them individually. The most lucid explanation of the beginning of the club came from Mrs. W. S. Anderson, treasurer of the new organization. She told it reluctantly, putting the blame on the men's lack of understanding rather than any mere stubbornness to having women belong to something. Said Mrs. Anderson:

"The Wynnefield women thought it would be a good thing for the men's club to be formed an auxiliary. We thought we could help a whole lot on the house committee and such work, and advanced our idea in all usefulness. It was for the sake of the men purely."

"From the reports we heard of the meeting at which our proposal was rejected it was a representative meeting at all. Many of the men who would have seen to it that the woman's auxiliary would have been welcomed were absent from the meeting. I don't want to be put in the light of saying that any of the Wynnefield club members are not all right, but I mean that the meeting was not a representative one. You know that one or two old fogies can often influence the younger men, who naturally would take up a progressive idea."

"Anyhow, when the proposition was turned down, some of us immediately got together and decided to have a club. We thought a current events class would be the best thing to start with, and by next year we will be well enough organized to take up all the functions of a woman's club."

Miss Dorothy Ruddick, of Noble, Pa., has Miss Josephine Verne Freund, of New York, as her guest this week. Several invitations to the Wynnefield Club were given in honor of Miss Freund during her visit.

Mrs. James Claire Zipperlein has closed Jodaviani Cottage, at Barnegat City, N. J., and has opened her home, 5923 Springfield avenue.



By Louis Tracy

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued) "DO YOU think you can make them prisoners without killing any more of them?" asked Ira.

"That depends entirely on themselves, Miss Deane. My men will not fire a shot unless they encounter resistance."

"Then, said Anstruther, 'I call upon you, Lieutenant Playdon, and all others here present to witness that I, Robert Anstruther, late of the Indian Army, acting on behalf of myself and Miss Iris Deane, declare that we have taken possession of this island in the name of His Britannic Majesty the King of England, that we are joint occupiers and owners thereof, and claim all property rights vested therein.'"

"I don't suppose any one will dispute your title," said the naval officer gravely. She unquestionably had the right, and exposure had slightly disturbed the other man's senses, yet he had seldom seen any person who looked to be in more complete possession of his faculties.

"Thank you," replied Robert with equal composure, though he felt inclined to laugh at Playdon's mystification. "I only wished to secure a sufficient number of witnesses for a verbal declaration. When I have a few minutes to spare I will fix a legal notice on the wall in front of our cave."

"The boat was yet many yards from shore when Iris ran forward and stretched out her arms to the man who was staring at her with a gasp of surprise.

"Father! Father!" she cried. "Don't you know me?"

"I think," he said, "that your father should take you on board the Orient, Iris. There you may, perhaps, find some suitable means of returning to your home."

"But Taung S'All was bewitched by the foreigner," said the sailors, with a great force, swearing to capture her or perish. The spirits, the Malay said, had dwelt upon the island for many years. His god and grandfather knew the place and feared it. Taung S'All would never be seen again.

"This queer yarn was the first indication they received of the whereabouts of any person who might be shipwrecked, Europeans, though not survivors from the vessel's northward track, so a course was set to arrive off the island after dinner."

Events on shore, as seen by the officer on watch, told their own tale. Wherever Dyaks are fighting there is mischief on foot, the Orient took a hand in the proceedings.

But Sir Arthur Deane, after an agonized scrutiny of the weird-looking persons assembled on the beach, saw the sailor's edge, and sadly acknowledged that neither of the moving spirits in the club in Mrs. Albert could be the daughter whom he sought. He

showed his head in humble resignation, and he thought he was the victim of a cruel hallucination when Iris's tremulous accents reached his ears.

"Father, father! Don't you know me?" He stood up, and trembling.

"Yes, father dear. It is I, your own little girl given back to you. Oh dear! Oh dear! I cannot see you for my tears."

"They had some difficulty to keep him in the boat, and, pulling strongly, smashed a stout cork with the next instant, and so they met at last, and the sailors left them alone to crowd round Anstruther and ply him with a hundred questions. Although he felt in with their humors and gradually pieced together the stirring story which was supplemented each instant by the arrival of some new witness.

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"Yes, that forms some part of the promised explanation. Iris rapidly gathered the drift of her lover's wishes.

"Come, father," she cried, "I am glad to see you, and I will go with you, and you will take me in the shape of garments. I have the utmost belief in the British navy, and even should I should be convinced of its infallibility should be convinced to provide a lady's outfit."

"Iris Deane gladdly availed herself of the proffered compromise. He assisted her into the boat, though that active young person was far better able to support him, and a word to the officer in command sent the gig flying back to the ship. Anstruther, during a momentary delay, made a small request on his own account.

Lieutenant Playdon, nearly as big a man as Robert, dispatched a note to his servant, and the gig speedily returned with a complete assortment of clothing and linen. The man also brought a dressing case, with the result that a dip in the bath and ten minutes in the hands of an expert valet, made Anstruther a new man.

Acting under his advice, the bodies of the dead were thrown into the lagoon, the wounded were collected in the hut to be flung into the boat, the prisoners were paraded in front of Anstruther who identified every man, and found, by counting heads, that none was missing.

"This is my father," she cried, shrill with joy. "And father, that of whom I owe you my life, I owe my life many, many times since the moment the Sirdar was shot."

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whimpering odds. Our duty is plain. We will bring you to Singapore, where the others will in all probability be immediately released. I will tell the Captain what you have said, good enough to acquaint us with. He will give you every assistance, and—"

"I can hardly thank you," he said unsteadily. "Your kindness is more trying than adversity."

"A rustle of silk, the intrusion into the interior of men of a young lady in a Paris gown, a Paris hat, carrying a Trouville parasol, and most exquisitely gloved and booted, made every one stare."

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